A DECLARATION FOR 1955: KAY BOYLE

THE Nation

January 29, 1955
20¢

J. Bronowski

The Face of Violence

Alan Sweezy

"Perpetual Prosperity"

Is the Business Cycle Out?

EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

"Anti-Catholic" Perón — *Claudio Veliz*

Europe Seeks Unity — *Karl Loewenstein*

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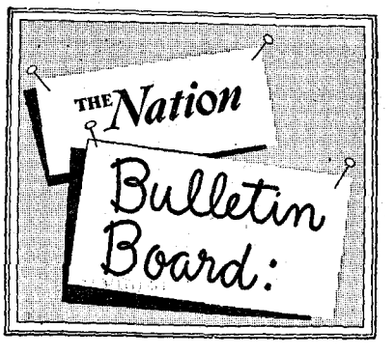

THE NAME of the author—George Seldes—on a two-part article slated for the February 5 and 12 issues evokes memories of my junior year at Franklin and Marshall College in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. At that time I was writing a column for the school weekly on assorted political matters, and I confess that one of my pet dislikes was Westbrook Pegler (he still is). Since the local daily ran Pegler's column, I decided there ought to be an antidote of some sort, and so I sent a batch of letters to various liberal and labor publications asking for material on him. Virtually all I required came in an enormous bundle from George Seldes, then editor and publisher of *In Fact*. Using the documentation he provided I wrote a series of long articles. Subsequently I received—even from those who disagreed with me—commendations on the thoroughness and high quality of my "research." The secret is out now: I owed it all to George Seldes.

JOHN W. ALDRIDGE recently missed a couple of deadlines on a pending essay on Malcolm Cowley, but he was quickly forgiven by soft-hearted editors when they learned the delay was due to his marriage to Miss Leslie Felker of Mount Vernon, New York, and their subsequent honeymoon. I assume the honeymoon—in a strictly literal sense, to be sure—is over, since the piece has arrived and will be printed shortly.

WHEN OUR foreign editor, J. Alvarez del Vayo, writes about Germany as he has done with some frequency in the past few months, he brings to his work a long intimacy with that country and its people. As a student at the University of Leipzig in 1913, he shared the ferment of the pre-World War I days, watched while the German people were swept into war, and saw liberals and Socialists surrender to the general hysteria. After the outbreak of the war he came to America but returned to Germany two years later to work as a newspaperman. In 1920 he became Berlin correspondent and head of the European Bureau of *La Nación* of Buenos Aires and soon was elected head of the Foreign Press Association. In 1924 he returned to Spain to take an active part in the politics of his country. As Foreign Minister of the Spanish Republic during the fascist rebellion he had additional painful experience with Germany—this time Hitler's Germany. Since World War II he has visited Germany several times and reported on developments there, both sides of the Curtain, for *The Nation*.

I WANT to call your attention to the advertisement of the Alsop book on the Oppenheimer case printed on the back cover of this issue. The circumstances attending its publication were undeniably strange: before release of the book the Atomic Energy Commission circulated a secret memorandum to newspapers and reviewers "answering" the charges contained in it. You will find in the book, if you read it, the absorbing story of what many people call America's "Dreyfus Case."

BEGINNING with the February 5 issue we are introducing some changes in type which we think will improve both the looks and the readability of *The Nation*. Comments from typographers—amateur as well as professional—among our readers will be welcomed.

WINNERS of free copies of the new Nation's Choice selections are these:

A California reader who sends this item taken from the *American Engineer*: "Major General Samuel D. Sturgis, Jr., Chief of Army Engineers, blamed America's shortage of engineers on an educational system that has thrown over the mental discipline of the three R's in favor of 'happy, well-adjusted children'."

From a New York reader: No less a personage than J. Edgar Hoover is quoted in a recent full-page newspaper advertisement to the effect that fruits "always seem to taste so much better when they come from Cobb's." Hoover is identified as "America's Greatest Vigilante."

MARTIN SOLOW.

Letters

Blunder and Thunder

Dear Sirs: My belated congratulations on the Nathaniel Peffer article, Our Asian Policy, in your December 11 issue. Mr. Peffer makes perfectly plain that our "blunder and thunder" toward China have perverted all accepted meanings of such words as defense, aggression, and imperialism. So far as China is concerned, the United States has been an aggressor since 1945. Hitler and Mussolini were denounced for interfering in Spain to aid the fascists in overthrowing the legally elected democratic government of that country. The United States declared indirect war on the de facto government of China when it voted billions for Chiang and later announced that our fleet would be used to prevent China having Chinese territory. At the same time our government, in the twinkling of an eye, recognizes each dictatorship (to the right) imposed on South and Central American and other countries. Upton Sinclair used to define fascism as "capitalism plus murder." Are we headed in that direction?

ALANSON E. SESSIONS
San Luis Obispo, Calif.

An Open Letter

Dear Sirs: As one who has had a pleasant acquaintance with Senator Francis Case of South Dakota for several years, I am keenly disappointed at the weakness he has revealed in his first real test of strength as a Senator. It was largely Case who authored that section of the Watkins report recommending censure of McCarthy for his indecent abuse of a distinguished war-time commander, General Ralph Zwicker. Yet to the amazement of Chairman Watkins and other members of his committee, when the report went to the Senate, Case deserted his colleagues on the very section of the report for which he was most responsible.

The explanation offered by Case for his sudden change of heart was that he had just received new information that enabled him to appreciate McCarthy's abuse of Zwicker. Now, for the record and the sake of truth, I want to assert that the so-called new information which Case allegedly received was not new at all, having been reported in the press eight months ago. Can it be that McCarthy's friend Karl convinced his junior colleague that it is politically expedient to keep at least one foot planted in the McCarthy camp?

GEORGE MCGOVERN,
Executive Secretary, South Dakota
Democratic Central Committee
Mitchell, S. D.

New Propaganda Technique

Dear Sirs: The United States Information Agency through a research project carried on at the Institute for Journalistic Studies at Stanford University, Stanford, California, has committed a serious invasion of the rights of a group of Filipino and Indian students attending college and universities in the San Francisco Bay area.

The research was presented to the participating students from India and the Philippines as an "intercultural communication study" through which Dr. Roy E. Carter, Jr., now at the University of North Carolina, would get material for a Ph.D. dissertation. Dr. Chilton R. Bush, director of the journalism department at Stanford, was nominally directing the research.

Much of the material used was

(Continued on page 108)

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THE Nation
EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

EDITORIALS

Politics and the Budget

The immediate effect of the President's twin messages on the budget and the economic report will be to enlarge the political vacuum which exists at the moment in Washington. As *Business Week* pointed out, the President's failure to emphasize budget-balancing promptly "touched off a muted but deeply felt disquiet among conservative Republicans." Just as promptly this disquiet in turn encouraged the Democrats to start wailing that the President had stolen their program. If they persist in this line, which former President Truman has foolishly projected, they may find themselves in the "me-too" position which proved so disastrous for Mr. Dewey in 1944 and 1948. If economic developments for the first six months of the year confirm the President's optimism, the Democrats will be further encouraged to limit their criticism of his economic program to peripheral issues.

The Democrats, of course, can be relied upon to criticize certain aspects of the President's proposed budget. Senator Symington will charge that the budget neglects the air force. Senator Kefauver will call attention to severe cut-backs proposed for T. V. A. Senators Morse and Neuberger will point to the sabotage of public power. But will the Democrats, with Southerners in the key leadership positions, challenge the basic assumptions upon which the President relies to justify his long-range optimism? Are we to accept high-level military expenditures as the principal "built-in" stabilizer for the economy? Has the business cycle been replaced by a permanent war cycle? Must a large measure of unemployment be accepted as one of the costs of prosperity? In 1954 Democrats and Republicans were debating whether we had one and one-half or two million unemployed; now the President accepts a figure of three million as though unemployment of this magnitude were a normal aspect of the economy. The drop in farm income was a major issue in last year's campaign; yet the President's promises to farmers are largely limited to "technical assistance." The President assumes that investment for new plant and equipment will remain high, but what proportion of General Motors' billion-dollar capital investment program was used to instal labor-saving equipment and new automatic controls? The President assumes that consumer spending will remain at a high level. But last August the Philadelphia Federal Reserve Board, in its *Business Review,* demonstrated that although total consumer income as measured by the government was still rising, the accumulated fixed obligations of consumers for rent, insurance, property taxes, mortgage debt service, and instalment payments had grown so large that the uncommitted balance of consumer income fell below 1953 —the first post-war year in which consumer expenditures had declined. Currently the auto industry is pushing the sale of new models and building up a backlog of cars—just in case this spring's labor negotiations should result in an interruption of production schedules. But what of the longer outlook?

These and many similar questions that might be raised suggest that a real debate on the budget is needed in which the Democrats would call attention to the attrition of prosperity that is taking place at the lower rungs of the economic ladder and join issue on the basic questions. Glowing estimates of the gross national product in 1965 can be used as effective political cover for giveaways, creeping unemployment, and inadequate economic planning unless the Democrats act promptly to expose the basic inadequacies of the President's program.

The Shape of Things

The Perilous Limb

When the United States established what is in effect a protectorate over Formosa and its Chinese Nationalist government, the dangers involved were all too evident. Even at the height of the Korean crisis President Truman's dispatch of the Seventh Fleet to Formosa Strait was generally recognized by other nations as an act that could not be limited to its professed purpose of "neutralizing" the waters near Korea. With the protection of the American navy flung around Chiang Kai-shek and the victorious Chinese Communist regime refused representation at the United Nations and Washington, a new balance of political power was created which Peking could never accept and the United States could maintain only by force.

Now, five years and one President later, Washington is confronted with the results of its reckless intervention. By attacking and capturing Nationalist-held Yikian island, Peking has challenged American power in the Formosa area at a particularly critical moment. It was a small thrust at one of the northernmost, least important of Chiang's string of offshore islands, but it was enough to force Washington to declare itself.

The choice was retreat or resistance to any further

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Communist advance at the expense of Formosa. Washington chose retreat. It declared Yikian and the neighboring Tachen Islands "not in any sense essential to the defense of Formosa and the Pescadores." The United States has thus fallen back on previously prepared positions, for it is firmly pledged to protect Formosa and the Pescadores. The treaty with Chiang governing this and other arrangements will doubtless be ratified in spite of last-minute legal questions raised in the Senate.

But even these positions are threatened. The suggestion of a Communist-Nationalist cease-fire, informally tossed out by President Eisenhower last week at his press conference, is the subject of intense diplomatic activity, especially in Britain, New Zealand, and the United States. And it reveals the anxiety of the Administration, as well as of our allies, to get us off a perilous limb on which we should never have ventured in the first place.

Production for What?

A delayed recognition seems to be dawning in labor-liberal circles that an ever-expanding economy may not, for reasons indicated in Alan Sweezy's article on page 96 of this issue, provide automatic solutions for all our economic problems. The current issue of the teamsters' excellent newsletter, Report from Washington, contains a mild reservation:

> 1955 will be a year of paradox for U. S. workers, may see unions curbing their enthusiasm for increased productivity. . . . Employment will not drop over much, but unemployment will mount due to increased productivity and the entrance of 800,000 youngsters into the labor force. Key to paradox is fact U. S. economy cannot "level off." We must produce, and sell, approximately 5 per cent more each year.

At another level Gerhard Colm, chief economist for the National Planning Association, makes the same point in the January issue of the association's bulletin:

> The current rise in production could lead to higher employment and longer hours and thereby to a rise in earnings and disposable personal income. However, . . . the current rise in production might not be reflected in a corresponding increase in employment. . . . It is even conceivable that some rise in the general level of economic activity might be accompanied by a rise in unemployment. The continuing rise in productivity makes possible higher output per worker. In this connection it may be observed that the index of industrial production in manufacturing in November, 1954, happened to be exactly the same as in November of 1953. Yet employment in manufacturing industries was almost one million below that of the preceding year.

If these intimations are sustained, labor's enthusiasm for increasing production, as if production were an end in itself, may be expected to abate. If so, the intense post-

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war collaboration between labor and management, with its emphasis on labor's "junior partner" role, may be coming to an end.

Landmark for Labor

Last week the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America celebrated its fortieth anniversary in old Webster Hall, the scene of its birth on New York's East Side.

It was a family reunion and a proper occasion for self-congratulation. For the Amalgamated has worked a revolution in the garment industry and in the lives of its members. To anyone old enough to recall the state of things in 1914 the change is more dramatic than even union members of a younger generation can fully realize. It is summed up in the abolition of the sweatshop, of anti-labor injunctions, and of police attacks on picket lines; in the growth of impartial machinery to settle disputes, the establishment of unemployment funds, cooperative housing, health and retirement funds, and the complete victory of industry-wide collective bargaining.

These are only a few of the gains won in the span of years since the union, weak and defiant, began its militant yet statesman-like fight under the leadership of Sidney Hillman. *The Nation,* remembering well those early struggles, offers to the Amalgamated of today its warm congratulations and confident hopes for the future.

Washington in Focus

by Max Freedman

Washington, January 22

IT IS much too early to speak of a new policy toward China. All our hopes may crumble if Congress begins to put ugly questions to the State Department. Mr. Dulles may once again decide that it is a bad bargain to buy peace in Asia at the cost of war with Congress.

Yet there is something encouraging about the picture. Almost everywhere the subject of China has taken precedence over the budget and the flood of messages to Congress. Men are wondering whether the crisis in the Straits of Formosa will become the opportunity for diplomacy. Listening to this talk, in Congress and outside, one has the feeling that public opinion has not frozen into a rigid pattern. All depends on the leadership, and no one knows as yet what risks the Administration will take.

Meanwhile the discovery has been made that it is possible to talk about the two Chinas without being struck down at once as an evil appeaser. That fact should stir the Democrats to shake themselves loose from the legacy of fear and suspicion that has numbed so much of their thinking on China. They need not remain the prisoners of their past. They have, in fact, given fewer hostages to prejudice than have the Republicans; nor is there any reason why they should now surrender the lead to the Administration.

The new policy, if there really is one, crept over Washington almost by stealth. Mr. Dulles was led by reporters into his comments on the cease-fire. He always speaks with deliberation at his press conferences, first weighing the question and then striving to find the balance between caution and clarity. Quite often he succeeds; sometimes he fails; and then his winged indiscretions stir anxieties in remote countries. This time he spoke with more care than usual. But he could not snub the United Nations, just as he could not utter blunt dismissive words about Chiang Kai-shek. So he was led, question by question, into what seemed to be a more flexible China policy.

Everyone who went from that conference to President Eisenhower's conference the next day was impressed by the differences between the two men. Mr. Eisenhower seemed far more willing to talk about the fighting near China and less hesitant, by clear inference, about limiting the role of the Seventh Fleet to the defense of Formosa.

What does all this mean? Has the President moved ahead of the Secretary of State and taken the lead in shaping foreign policy in the world's most critical area? That would certainly be an enterprising way to begin his third year in office. But until there is more evidence it is best to resist this verdict. When all the facts are available, it may be seen that there never was more than a difference of language and of emphasis between them. Certainly there can be no justification for any talk about a split or about the Secretary's declining influence in the Administration.

It will be time enough to applaud a wiser and more cooperative policy in Asia when Mr. Dulles repudiates his indorsement of Walter S. Robertson's recent speeech, which failed to get the attention it deserved. Mr. Robertson is the Assistant Secretary of State for the Far East and therefore the chief adviser of Mr. Dulles on Pacific affairs. He denounced China's rulers as puppets of Moscow, derided China as a mere satellite of Russia, and devoted all his praise to Formosa as the center of China's real government. Mr. Dulles said Mr. Robertson's views correctly expressed the philosophy of the State Department. How can he reconcile them with a cease-fire? There is danger that Mr. Dulles will be so eager to avoid a quarrel with Congress and so anxious to protect Chiang Kai-shek and Mr. Robertson that he will forget all about the new policy toward China.

MR. BENSON'S reputation is sick. The Secretary of Agriculture remains obstinate and unrepentant about his bumbling and grumbling in the Ladejinsky affair. Then this week he made a poor figure before two committees. When he testified on reciprocal trade before the House Ways and Means Committee he crumpled at the protectionist arguments of Representative Simpson. Still worse,

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when he appeared before the Senate Agricultural Committee he filled the room with officials from his department to answer the questions that were beyond him. They far exceeded the normal quota of advisers, and they had a hard morning. Mr. Benson struck out regularly.

WITH luck we may now have heard the last of the Owen Lattimore case. But Leo Rover's part and that of the Department of Justice should not be forgotten. At times Mr. Rover seemed vindictive in his pursuit of Mr. Lattimore. When he tried to disqualify Judge Youngdahl for personal bias he stood on his toes and shouted vulgarly at him. By every tradition of judicial restraint and legal honor it was a shabby performance. When he argued the latest indictment he had at least matured into courtesy. But his case was no stronger. Once again he admitted to making up arbitrary definitions in the attempt to prolong Mr. Lattimore's ordeal. The sturdy conscience of Judge Youngdahl prevented justice from being intimidated.

There was one moment during the argument on the last indictment when Thurman Arnold defined the central issue in the case. He said Mr. Lattimore was being attacked because of his unpopular and controversial opinions on Chinese policy. Mr. Rover grew angry at this charge and insisted that the sole question was whether Mr. Lattimore was guilty of perjury. But his argument soon broke in his hands, for he had to admit that he had invented definitions of the "Communist line" and "Communist interests" in order to prove the perjury charge. Under questioning from Judge Youngdahl it became clear that these definitions rested on no federal statute, no ruling by the Civil Service Commission, no decision by Congress. Mr. Rover finally was forced to concede that the test for perjury must necessarily be a "subjective test"—with the Department of Justice presumably having special scales for weighing the opinions and beliefs of men it dislikes. When we remember that the charge of perjury was only a cover for the implied crime of disloyalty, we can see what an abyss had been reached. If Mr. Rover had won, we would have seen loyalty judged by "subjective tests" as mirrored in his mind. From that danger at least we have now been rescued.

Mr. Lattimore stood the strain bravely, but it told on him. More than his personal fate was in jeopardy. His faith in the free mind, in America, was under siege. Against his desire, but with clear conscience, he became a symbol in the noble struggle between the rights of the individual and the unjust claims of the state. The best wish for the Department of Justice is that it should forever regard the Lattimore case as a folly to be shunned rather than a model to be followed. Mr. Lattimore himself, as all his friends know, has only one wish. It is that from his ordeal other scholars and citizens should take heart and remain unafraid in these days of fear.

Middle East Maneuvers . . . *by J. Alvarez del Vayo*

FOLLOWING his negotiation of the defense agreement with Iraq, Turkey's able Premier, Adnan Menderes, last week wound up talks with the Lebanese which aimed at furthering the plan to bind the Moslem nations of the area in an alliance linked with NATO. While Lebanon declined for the present to join, it showed enough sympathy with the project to encourage the Turkish leader. The main and most stubborn stand-out, of course, is Egypt, which called the Arab premiers together at Cairo to discuss the issues raised by the Turkish move. The Egyptians regard the Turkish-Iraqi pact and the arming of Iraq by the United States as threats both to Egypt's leadership of the Arab League and to the League itself. Turkey, while anxious to moderate Egyptian antagonism, is determined to steer clear of any link with the Arab League; so a stage of tension and stalemate has now set in.

However, the Turkish-Iraqi agreement is a fact, and since it has had the active backing, not to say prodding, of Washington, it is not likely to be altered or its objectives thwarted by Egyptian or even Arab League opposition. The failure of Nuri as-Said of Iraq to attend the premiers' meeting at Cairo is a significant indication of this, as are other developments of the past week.

On January 12, when Turkey and Iraq announced the conclusion of their agreement, the communiqué issued from Bagdad stressed the point that the alliance was open to other Middle Eastern states. This was followed next day by a complementary statement announcing Iraq's intention to request larger and more important allocations of American military equipment in view of its agreed-upon alliance with Turkey.

These recent developments have measurably brightened Western hopes after three years of unsuccessful attempts to link the Middle East, in one form or another, to NATO. In fact, the West could do little except mark time until Anglo-American diplomacy found a way to remove the various political and psychological obstacles in the way of a defense system in that area. The Anglo-Egyptian agreement on Suez and the settlement of the Persian oil dispute removed the two main blocks. Both testified to Washington's successful efforts to persuade London that the value of winning to the anti-Communist alliance countries with such enormous oil resources and of such strategic geographic position was worth the sacrifice of some national pride and even important economic interests.

Thus the road was opened for a major effort to combat the neutralism so strongly intrenched in the large and vulnerable area lying between Egypt and Iran. For this task the West could have found no better spokesman than the Turkish Premier. While his activities were bound to annoy Egypt, his relations with other Arab leaders are good. As for Israel, the State Department had already largely discounted its inevitable alarm and indignation over the arming of the surrounding Arab states; yet the use of the Turkish Prime Minister as an agent of American defense plans might somewhat modify Israel's fears, since its

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relations with Turkey have been friendly. And Mr. Menderes is known as a clever, disarming diplomat well equipped to persuade the Arabs that they have much more to fear from Russia than from Israel, while telling the Israelis the same story in reverse.

The Turkish Premier has indefatigable energy and gusto, which are combined with a high degree of hostility toward Russia. However, his unconditional support of the West does not blind him to the perils of the situation in which Turkey would find itself in case of an East-West agreement. For Russia's old demands for special rights in the control of the Straits are still unsatisfied, and the prospect of an East-West deal at the expense of Turkey is enough to give Mr. Menderes nightmares. So he directs his diplomatic efforts toward preventing any disagreement among the Western allies that might be used by Russia.

But this is not all. The Turkish Premier also believes that the more extensive and firm the anti-Russian front, the less likely is the prospect of an East-West settlement at the expense of Turkey. It is with this in mind that he intends to follow his success in Iraq with a determined courtship of Egypt, a drive to overcome the resistance of the other Arab states, and ultimately the forging of a link with Iran and Pakistan in a joint defense set-up with the West. Thus the intimate fears of Turkey mesh in well with the large plans of Washington and London.

In line with this effort Western diplomacy is working hard to turn Egypt against Russia. It hopes to reap concrete benefits from the Suez agreement and from American promises of aid to Egypt. The military leaders who overthrew Farouk made at first a number of friendly gestures toward Russia. They wanted both to demonstrate their neutrality and to improve their bargaining position with the West. Already a change has become evident; at the farewell dinner given by Premier Gamal Abd-el-Nasser to Ambassador Caffery on his retirement, the pro-American orientation of the Revolutionary Command Council was openly proclaimed. This does not yet mean that the ruling clique is ready to endanger Egypt's dominant role in the Arab world or risk its political life by joining a West-sponsored alliance. But events may force its hand, for Egypt, like other countries, depends heavily on the good-will of Washington.

Egypt and the other Arab states are now sure of all the American arms and other aid they need to hold their populations in leash and also to give the illusion of reestablishing their military prestige after the disastrous showing against Israel. They are unable to swallow that defeat and will not be satisfied unless the state of Israel disappears from the map. But they may find it wise to go through the motions of agreeing with Mr. Menderes that the danger comes from the north and not from Israel. Also, they are interested in getting private American investments as well as official aid. This is especially true of Egypt. And so business and security interests go hand in hand in the Middle East—as elsewhere.

Assuming the ultimate success of the West in securing treaties with all the Arab countries, two fundamental questions remain. How effectively can treaties safeguard an area whose Arab population is in ferment against unstable governments? Does not the vulnerability of Israel, unprotected by Western alliances and dividing the Arab world at a strategic point, render precarious the security of the whole area?

THE FACE OF VIOLENCE

Man Against Society . . *by J. Bronowski*

IN ALL societies the individual suffers something of a split of personality. The society nurses and sustains him; and yet he finds its pressure irksome and makes gestures to break out of it.

J. BRONOWSKI, one of England's foremost scientists—he is Senior Lecturer at University College, Hull—is also an essayist and playwright. His prize-winning radio drama, "The Face of Violence," proved a landmark in the B. B. C.'s history. The play, with an introductory essay from which this article was excerpted, has just been published in book form by the Turnstile Press in England and by George Braziller in the United States.

Some primitive societies recognized this destructive wish to protest on behalf of anarchy, and against society, by setting aside occasions and persons to suffer it. As I read it, much of Frazer's "Golden Bough" tells this story of the scapegoat king who accepts the scepter knowing that he will be killed during some riotous saturnalia when all authority is mocked.

What was once a ceremonial becomes, in historical times, a literature. Picaros, coney catchers, pirates, and bohemians are figures of protest against social convention who express our longing for the saturnalia. They become most interesting as literature when, more profoundly, they take on the double part of the mock kings of disorder; for their anti-social acts are then a satire on the very rulers of society. This is what made the highwayman, in life and on his way to his death, so fascinating a figure to the eighteenth century: because, says "The Beggar's Opera," "the youth in his cart hath the air of a lord." And this is why "The Beggar's Opera" is dominated by the new figure of the master criminal, Peachum, the fence; because in him a society conscious of the new power of corruption saw, took pleasure in, and safely mocked its own heads. Burke hated "The Beggar's Opera" for this.

Since then we have adopted the literature of the criminal hero for our catharsis. In the detective story and in the

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gangster film we canalize our secret dream of revenge on the society that contains and thwarts us. We play the murderer and the detective together, and hand in hand leave the flat-footed law contemptuously behind us.

The rule of law: that is our scapegoat; into this image we gather all the impersonal forces of society which keep us in our place. The conditions of civilized living do much to sap our lives of adventure and risk. We take our revenge by equating spirit with lawlessness and adventure with the criminal. The violence of the law-breaker becomes the symbol of manly action in a world of machines. This is what draws young men together in gangs, to see their leader as a hero in a fight against a baffling society.

You cannot in fact bottle up these deep feelings of protest in a world as mechanical as ours and think that you will syphon them off casually in lacey thrillers and in little evasions of the forces of order—sidling past the customs inspector and scoring off the "Stinks" master. Anti-social feelings in a hierarchic society like ours are first a power and then a commodity on which an unscrupulous leader can rise to fame and become the spokesman for the dream of violence of all under dogs. Mussolini and Hitler recruited their followers with such slogans. Today this prompts men everywhere to search fearfully for scapegoats, and political quacks and witch-hunters again find it easy to raise the cry that someone else is to blame. Who is to blame? Who has betrayed us? The egg-heads behind government, cries the Senator; the men who plan the machine; the grave technologists out of H. G. Wells who know the secrets of matter. On this anti-rational cry, the old cry for blood and soil, committees of inquisition grow powerful and newspapers boost their circulation. The simple man's call for recognition in a society which too often treats him as another machine is turned into a cry for revenge.

Berger

We have learned nothing from Oedipus or the Aztecs, from the road to Tyburn or Buck Rogers, if we do not learn how to answer his call for recognition.

What Divides Men?

The lesson which history teaches here is direct. It is, that each man in society is driven two ways. He wants to be a member of the society, to belong and to conform. And at the same time he wants to be a person, to act out his own will and to break the constraints of society.

All solutions of this dilemma are in some sense fakes. They are fakes because they have to pretend to the rebellious man that he has broken out of the strangle-hold of society and become a man for himself. And he never has. He has merely entered some more compact gang. Yet it would be wrong to think that therefore the fakes do not satisfy. The mind is not a textbook of logic, and it does not want to be either wholly social or wholly anti-social. A man wants to be himself, yes, but he does not want to be all himself; certainly he does not want to be all by himself.

The gesture of revolt therefore usually takes a symbolic form, in which it satisfies the wish without condemning the wisher to become an outlaw and a hermit. The symbols of the mock king and the saturnalia are of this kind. In a large society there is at hand another kind of symbolic gesture: to join some smaller group which sneers at society. You join a schoolboy gang, or become a nudist, or take the *New Yorker*.

These are harmless and indeed healthy dissenting activities; in dissent, they create the astringent tension which keeps a community alive. The danger does not come from small groups which take pride in not conforming; on the contrary, the danger comes from the exploitation of their impulse by those who are seeking to create a more terrible conformity.

The method is as easy as the three-card trick, and as monotonous. The man wants to assert himself; he wants to show himself a man. To show himself he needs the acknowledgment of others. The group provides this acknowledgment of place; especially, the group is a society compact enough, or so organized, to give mutual acknowledgment to all. But there is a stronger and simpler way to hold a group together—the short-cut of making its men band against an outsider. This is the dreadful technique which leaders have turned into a commonplace.

To gang up against others has three advantages. It gives a ready-made sense of community. It offers to the gangster the delight of acknowledgment by those he attacks as well as by his gang. And it creates a scapegoat for the lust against society: the outsider becomes the symbol of the hated frustrating order. By these means modern power states have been able to hypnotize their subjects into the odd belief that, in chanting "Duce!" or "Hero!" in unison, each man is asserting his individuality in face of a hostile world.

To find a common enemy, then, is the reach-me-down device for drumming up a following. But it is now more than a device; like Circe's, it is the poison draft of an initiation ceremony which turns men to animals. The single man, even the man in protest, is not looking for an enemy but for the acknowledgment that he counts. He is looking for others to see him as a person. This is the cement of the group—the sense of mutual recognition.

Nothing in this requires the group to be banded viciously against an outsider. Yorkshiremen are not divided from Lancashiremen, Masons are not divided from Buffaloes, and men are not divided from women by any rooted sense of enmity. There is a human need to join together but none to oppose. If yellow men are taught to hate white, if Russians and Americans are egged on each to hate the other, it is not because these divisions are real but because they give a pitiful sense of unity to groups which have found no deeper force to hold them together.

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Stand and Be Recognized

I return to my theme, that at the heart of our violence, in act or in feeling, lies the wish to show ourselves men with a will. Since society is an instrument for controlling our chaotic wills, the gesture of violence we make is anti-social; we invent a symbol for the forces of society, obscure and impersonal, which shall be our scapegoat. But the symbol is only a mask for the fear of each of us that society thwarts what is best and personal in him. We fear that society disregards us. In the wilderness of cities we look for respect.

This problem is critical to the survival of technical societies—this, and not a bomb or a treaty. The city states were mere parish councils, and Darius and Alexander were nursery kings, by the side of modern states with more than a hundred million subjects. The numbers dwarf the man, so that each holds dimly a place of no significance and of immeasurable remoteness. And more than numbers, the complexity of society makes the man lose heart. Nothing he does any longer seems a skill to be proud of in a world where someone else always hits the headlines.

This is the plausible picture, in despair of which men cheerfully join any private army which will offer them the right to salute and be saluted. It is of course a false picture. Precisely the size and the complexity of modern societies have raised the status of labor. The slave has become extinct because he had no skill to give, and we can get his mere muscular energy from nature. The two hundred years of discovery from which the convolutions of our societies have grown have steadily increased the importance of the individual and with it his standing. But we have failed to find the forms which acknowledge this new standing.

This is why our world seems always on the edge of crisis. We have to try to fit the forms of society to what men do. I live by the skill of the bus driver and the sewer man, the chemist and the stenographer, the butcher and the mill hand; and, over all these, I live by the lively minds of my readers. Here is a world in the making and moving, for which each man is a fulcrum. The difficulty is not that society must find him a worthy place; he has one. Society must find out how to recognize his place to his face.

We are at fault because we have not learned how to divide the workings of society into smaller units which hold together by personal respect. We have taken over our organization from history, and the more tyrannical and centralized we have made it, the more out of date it is. In the language of the assembly shop, we do not know how to group ourselves in sub-assemblies. For a man today no longer lives in one community; he is divided between his work and his dormitory suburb and his school club and some highbrow society of filmgoers.

Somewhere in these a man finds a status; he makes as it were for himself a society which will give him his due. And if he does not, no one makes it for him. He drifts, at best, to that endless grumble at everything which fills the morning train to the city—a lost and pitiful whine for self-respect.

The city clerk and the razor gang, the tax collector and Azeff the great *agent provocateur,* the girl on the beach and Murder, Incorporated—their inarticulate mouths all utter one cry. And their cry is one with the wish of the churchwarden and the toff and the squire's lady. They want a place in the world. They want to be among friends. And they want to stand and be recognized. They want someone in their street to nudge his wife and say, "There goes that Mr. X who is doing so well." It does not seem too much to ask of society. But the hour is late; the distance from the center of our society to the doss house and the sandy edges of factory towns grows appalling.

We have to divide the distance, and to find at each step some unit of respect, some recognition of place for those who live there. Society is not a pyramid but a body, and the cells must be neighborly. Two boys on bikes or three girls in the powder room, men at work, the fish queue and the family are units of regard; and only if we can make them support one another shall we have a society to resist the hysteria of the sphinx.

This, I am sure, must be the core of any new society that works. The world is made of people who never quite get into the first team and who just miss the prizes at the flower show. The civilizations of the past built on unskilled labor have made us think of these people as the small change of daily life; they think of themselves as worth no more. Yet our civilization is not built in this way. Our civilization is built on skill. Watch it when next you have your plugs checked

Berger

or your shirt ironed; it fills the gestures of the girl at the switchboard and the man on the harvester. They have nothing in common with the day laborer now except his history. Yet they cannot shake off, and we do not, the sense that they do nothing which is of account. What they do is modern, but what they and we think of it is centuries out of date. The heart of social reform today is to make the world acknowledge the central place in it of every man's work. Exactly because ours is a mechanical age we can have no man in it merely a cog. The dignity of labor has been put into his hands by the machine.

Our dilemma is not in any failure to make men individual; on the contrary, their individuality is the creation of two hundred years of invention which have steadily liberated men. We have failed in something else—in finding how to give recognition to what is everywhere individual. We must mend this to survive.

And when we have mended it, even when we have mended it well, we shall not have an end to mutiny. It would be unhappy if we did. Oddity and dissent are irritants which keep society taut and well-toned. The gesture of disobedience is a catharsis which we must not deny to any man, and of which we must not rob the community. The man has a right to protest against communities; if he had not done so, he would still be with the ant colonies; and if he does not do so now, he will return to them. The gambler, the horse player, the girl on the spree make a happy reckless gesture of protest. When the gesture is formalized, in the numbers game or on the dog track, it seems to me to become a sad

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institution, sad as the insect world itself. But do not let us beat the daylights even out of the bookmakers. They have their place in a rich society.

In short, I hold out no hope that the crime story will wither away. I hope still to go to "Petrouchka" and the ice-hockey games. It is not the symbols of personal protest which I want to put away, or the protest itself. The protest is human; the symbols are pleasurable. I have looked into the symbols searchingly because they show the dual life of man. There is nothing to fear in that except its exploitation. For we have let, we are letting, bad men in our lifetime conjure the crime story to life and overwhelm nations with it. And none of us is free of the guilt of that.

Is there a moral to this? To me it is succinct: that vice is a personal disfigurement, but violence is an impulse which we all share. The love of violence is, to me, the ancient and symbolic gesture of man against the constraints of society. Vicious men can exploit the impulse, but it is a disaster to treat the impulse as vicious. For no society is strong which does not acknowledge the protesting man; and no man is human who does not draw strength from the natural animal. Violence is the sphinx by the fireside, and she has a human face.

"PERPETUAL PROSPERITY"

Is the Business Cycle Out? . . *by Alan Sweezy*

LAST October was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the stock-market crash and of the beginning of the great depression. The occasion was marked by a general feeling of uneasiness, and neither booming stock prices nor official assurances that complete recovery from the current mild recession was just around the corner did anything to allay it. Inevitably the question was discussed: Can it happen again? Then came the Wall Street dip of early January to sharpen the uneasiness.

The weight of opinion, especially conservative opinion, on what is likely to happen has shifted considerably in the last two or three years. Though some New Deal economists have maintained ever since World War II that the changes wrought in our economy by the thirties and the war would insure us against a repetition of the 1929-32 disaster, the majority of investors were for some time less sanguine. Stock prices continued to reflect the fear of a major depression until after the outbreak of the Korean war. Spokesmen for a variety of economic interests and for both political parties derided the idea of "perpetual prosperity."

The change in conservative thinking is illustrated by an advertisement that *U. S. News and World Report* ran in leading newspapers in the latter part of 1953. It began with the headlines: "Seven Reasons Why the Bottom Won't Drop Out"; ". . . why you needn't fear depression once the boom begins to fade." The reasons given—"(1) Taxes will be reduced . . . (2) Interest rates will be eased . . . (3) Federal spending will go on . . ."—read like an outline of Keynesian anti-depression policy.

That serious depressions are a thing of the past has now become official Republican doctrine. In all his public statements Arthur F. Burns, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, has emphasized that we need not and will not allow another major depression to develop. President Eisenhower, speaking to the National Security Industrial Association on October 25, referred to the fears which have preyed upon people in the last two decades and added: "Certainly we know that one such fear—the fear of paralyzing depression—can be safely laid away."

Skeptics, of course, can still be found—chiefly among the rock-ribbed conservatives who see in any efforts to moderate the severity of depressions a trend toward a planned, socialistic economy and feel that recurring periods of economic distress are part of the curse of Adam, which it would be presumptuous for us to try to escape. The editors of the *Journal of Commerce*, for instance, were so disturbed by Sumner Slichter's thesis, expounded in the New York *Times* of October 3, 1954, that "the old-fashioned business cycle is being destroyed" that they devoted several editorials to its refutation.

The basis of their argument was that "a closer examination of the contra-cyclical sectors enumerated by Professor Slichter shows that in virtually every instance there were specific factors at work which had a rather strong artificial flavor." They also pointed out that "the idea that it is possible . . . to prevent all substantial business corrections in the future" is "part and parcel of the political credo of those who are usually identified as the left-wing or liberal element in the Democratic Party and among the union leaders."

Beyond a general opposition to things that are artificial or have a left-wing or liberal tinge, their argument is obscured by a tendency to slide from the discussion of automatic stabilizers or other measures designed to reduce the severity of depressions into talk about the "millenium" in which no lapse from full employment and high prosperity could ever occur. The distinction is, of course, essential to clarity in the discussion of anti-depression policy. Automatic stabilizers, as the name implies, go into operation in a period of declining economic activity without the government's having to take positive action of any kind. For example, tax receipts not only fall off with a slump in business but, thanks to our progressive income-tax system and the volatility of corporate profits, fall more than incomes in general. If the

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government refrains from raising tax rates or cutting expenditures, it will automatically start making a net contribution to the income flow, a contribution which will increase sharply as incomes fall farther. This factor is, incidentally, much more important now than it used to be because of the much larger volume of government spending today.

Another automatic factor, which was practically non-existent before the 1930's, is the increase in certain types of government spending when employment and incomes decline. Unemployment-compensation payments and the outlays called for by agricultural price-support programs are the most important expenditures of this type.

THAT no positive action is necessary to put them into effect is the great virtue of the automatic stabilizers. Congress need pass no laws; the executive agencies need arrive at no decisions about the proper timing or scope of remedial action. The weakness of these stabilizers is equally clear: they can slow down and eventually stop a business decline, but they cannot by themselves produce recovery, nor can they always put an acceptable limit to the extent and duration of the decline. Fortunately, they can be powerfully reinforced by positive governmental action. The government can cut tax rates, thus releasing money for private spending, and can increase expenditures other than those that increase automatically with depression. There is plenty of scope for action of both kinds in our present economy. Tax rates are still high, and we greatly need larger expenditures on public works, health, and community improvement.

Under the right conditions, credit policy also provides a powerful weapon for combating depression. At the present time, however, interest rates are already so low and credit terms so easy that it is hard to see how much additional stimulus could be expected from this source.

The mere fact that the government can take action to halt a business decline provides no guaranty, of course, that it will. There seems to be considerable divergence of opinion within the present Administration as to how much the government should do. Burns has clearly expressed his willingness to see the government incur deficits if necessary. Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey, on the other hand, seems still to regard a balanced budget as under all conditions the paramount objective of fiscal policy. (In discussing the impact of the government's financial operations on business conditions it is important to distinguish between the conventional bookkeeping budget and the cash budget. The latter, which is far more significant as a measure of the government's current economic influence, has shown a considerably smaller deficit in recent years than the former. In fiscal 1954, for instance, while there was a deficit of three billion in the bookkeeping budget, the cash budget was approximately balanced.)

"Look for a pick-up in business, Gentlemen! Our survey shows that the American people aren't happy unless they're making payments on something."

I think it is a safe bet that the Burns view would prevail if the current recession got appreciably worse. The President himself seems to be free of doctrinaire preconceptions as far as economic policy is concerned. A rise in unemployment to, say, twice its current level would greatly increase both public and Congressional pressure for tax cuts and increased spending. However stubborn Humphrey's attachment to the principles of orthodox finance might be, he would not be likely to have much success, under the assumed conditions, in stemming the demand for effective government action.

Going back now to the original question, could it happen again? I think the answer is no if by this we mean, could we have another depression on the order of 1929-32? The greater strength of automatic stabilizers in our economy, the elimination of serious weaknesses in our banking and mortgage structure, the government's willingness to use its powers in fighting depression together with our vastly improved understanding of how to use them, all these factors combined would certainly stop a depression long before it had gone to the disastrous lengths of 1932.

BUT while we can and undoubtedly shall keep future economic recessions mild, we may not be so successful in keeping them brief. To begin with, the rate of private investment spending is likely to be somewhat lower than it has been in the last few years. As Alvin Hansen has said, we are faced with the "lopping off of the 'unmaintainable' portion of the 1951-53 capital outlays" —namely, that portion due to (1) World War II backlogs, (2) the military build-up which started with the Korean war, and (3) the excess which "usually characterizes boom conditions." Long-run growth factors may not offset the loss of these unusual stimuli for several years to come.

In addition, consumers are not only well stocked with durable goods but committed to a large volume of repayments on short-term indebtedness as a result of the heavy credit buying of recent years. Not much can be expected from a further net expansion of consumer credit in the near future. Where, then, is the impetus to expansion going to come from—an expansion necessary to absorb present unemployment plus the growing labor force?

Administration spokesmen have recently had much to say about the opportunity and the need for economic expansion in the years ahead. In the middle of December the *Wall Street Journal* reported from Washington that "officials are convinced the recession is over and the talk should now turn to economic expansion." The same issue, however, contained another report to the effect that Secretary Humphrey hoped to hold the deficit for the next fiscal year to three billion dollars—the bookkeeping deficit, that is; the cash deficit would consequently be nil. To do this will necessitate keeping the lid on expenditures—and recent reports from Washington indicate that Humphrey has al-

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ready succeeded in whittling down to extremely modest proportions the schemes that have been advanced for increased spending on foreign aid, housing, and highways—and also blocking further tax reduction. This policy would leave little for economic expansion to feed on except the talk, which will no doubt be supplied in liberal quantities.

As long as the economic situation continues to be no worse than it is now, it seems to me that the Humphrey views on policy are likely to prevail. The great majority of people have good jobs and good incomes. Profits are excellent, in many cases bigger after taxes than in the boom year 1953. We are, to be sure, wasting part of our potential productive capacity, and the waste will grow steadily larger as our potential increases. But is that likely to disturb anyone very seriously—except a few students of economic affairs and the two or three million unemployed who would have jobs if we were operating at full capacity?

Perhaps this is an unduly pessimistic view. We still have a two-party system, and the Republicans' inaction, if it continues much longer, will be the Democrats' opportunity. Perhaps if the hoped-for economic expansion fails to materialize in the next year or two, the Administration will not oppose tax reduction and certain much-needed increases in expenditure as firmly in practice as it now does in principle.

The ultimate objective of economic activity is—or should be—the welfare of the people who participate in it. Full employment of our expanding productive capacity is essential to maximum welfare. But it is not a sufficient condition, even if it is accompanied by an equitable distribution of incomes and a smoothly working mechanism for making individual consumer demands effective. For the continued expansion of an industrial economy like ours is likely to have some highly undesirable side effects —congestion, noise, polluted air, the disappearance of space for recreation and relaxation, to name some of the most obvious. In our great metropolitan areas these problems are already becoming acute. With the further growth of population they can only get worse.

The trouble is that none of our traditional methods of attack on economic problems help us to cope with the evil consequences of expansion. Greater productive efficiency, for instance, will be of little or no use. Speeding up the rate of expansion may only introduce new threats to human wealth and welfare—for example, the increase in background radiation that might follow from the industrial use of atomic energy unless it is accompanied by the most rigorous safeguards. Nor will improvement of our market mechanism—the purifying of competition or the reduction of monopoly power—do anything to help. What we need is community planning and community action of a far bolder and more effective type than we have yet had. Without such planning and such action, measures to insure the full employment of our rapidly increasing productive capacity will yield more and more disappointing returns in terms of human welfare.

EUROPE SEEKS UNITY

The Long Slow Road . . *by Karl Loewenstein*

JUST about two years ago in these columns (January 10, 1953) this writer undertook to evaluate the complex issues of European unification under the title: European Union, Miracle or Mirage? By now, after the failure of the European Defense Community (E. D. C.) in the French National Assembly (August 30, 1954) and after the conclusion of the substitute Paris Agreement (October 23, 1954) the submission of an interim report may not be unwelcome. The article mentioned ended with the following sentence: "If European unity, the Grand Design of our times, fails because, for political reasons, it is coupled with military expedience [meaning a European army with supra-national agencies and German contingents] it will suffer a setback from which the recovery will take more time than mankind can afford." The following report will show that the basic skepticism of an observer interested in European integration professionally rather than emotionally has been attenuated by a little cautious optimism.

When the French repudiated the scheme of a European army they were only as realistic as Frenchmen are apt to be. Aside from their insuperable aversion to placing French soldiers under the command of former Nazi generals they realized that such a military organization was unworkable, would tie them inextricably to the German military juggernaut, and would load down the delicate scales of a future European integration with the weight of a military superstructure. When one is asked why the substitute accord of Paris—which so narrowly escaped defeat again by the French National Assembly during the dramatic Christmas days of 1954—is preferable to the original E. D. C., the answer is fairly simple. First, the British have become an active partner of the Western military alliance. A Conservative government took the historic decision not to withdraw the British forces from the Continent, thereby reversing what has been a basic tenet of British foreign policy for centuries, and more recently (December 21, 1954) the British have engaged to cooperate with the European Coal and Steel Community (E. C. S. C.) in Luxembourg on the ministerial level. Thus the French are no longer closeted alone on the European continent with the overriding power of their German

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neighbor. Second, under the previous setup, E. D. C., practically a German-dominated Western European army, would have been the tail wagging the Atlantic Alliance dog. Now, by the incorporation of Germany into NATO—as a member with not only equal rights but equal duties—the United States, France, Britain, and Canada are made directly responsible for the containment of the German military potential. Being now in the same boat with Germany, they will have to see to it that it cannot be rocked or capsized by the Germans. Third, the Paris Agreement, by scuttling the impossible European army, made it possible for European integration to grow organically from the grass roots of the peoples' common economic and cultural interests.

SEEN historically, the unification of heretofore separate state entities draws its strongest impulse, next to the need of common defense, from the expectation that jointly they will fare better economically than separately. At the present time this incentive has become nearly non-existent in Western Europe. Nations which are doing so well by themselves industrially and trade-wise are understandably disinclined to embark on the experiment of throwing their national economies together. The miracle of the German phoenix literally rising from the ashes has been duly observed by all the world. But in the last two years the other Western European nations have also made tremendous strides forward. In all of them production has soared far beyond the yardstick year of 1936. Recovery is little short of spectacular in Britain. Holland's technologically diversified agriculture has helped to compensate for the loss of its colonial possessions. Belgium's always high-grade industrial economy is flourishing. That France is emerging from the post-war slump is shown by the shrinking of its chronic deficit in the European Payments Union. Even Italy, with its limited natural resources and endemic unemployment, is experiencing a rocket-like industrial upsurge. The merchandise of Western Europe that filled our stores at Christmas time was striking evidence of the success of the European export drive.

Such economic prosperity is bound to dampen any desire for closer economic integration. The concept of the single market, so alluring to Americans and so little intelligible to the average European business man, has lost what fascination it may have possessed at the height of the European depression. The national economies compete freely with foreign business. The national treasuries pass the benefits on to the wage-earning masses. Why should they risk the serious dislocations that would follow the establishment of a single market? If it could be said two years ago that in the last five years European integration had made more progress than at any other time in history, it can be said now that during the last two years it has made less headway than at any other time since the last war.

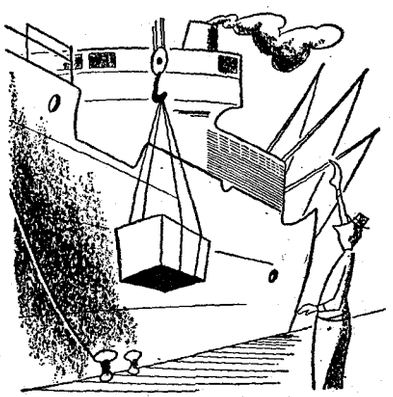
From the start, attachment to the European idea was intellectually conceived rather than mass-carried. But even the enthusiasm of the intellectuals has cooled. In Germany, European Union means practically an understanding with France; other nations are considered of secondary importance. When teaching last summer in various German universities this writer found that the idea had lost much of its former fascination for academic youth. Like their elders they feel they received a raw deal in the surrender of the Saar to France, thinly disguised as Europeanization. The presently proposed solution has all the makings of a new Alsace-Lorraine, poisoning Franco-German relations for a long time to come. In France awareness of the need for closer European integration was always overshadowed by the fear of German rearmament. Of the six nations of "Little Europe" only the Dutch, the government as well as the people, aware of the advantages of a larger area than Benelux, are articulately loyal to the European concept.

The appraisal should be checked against the evolution of the existing institutions of European integration. The Council of Europe in Strasbourg, once greeted ecstatically by the utopian fringe, operates in the twilight of public indifference. At most it is a respectable forum of European discussion. It merely echoes decisions taken elsewhere; its influence on policy-making is nil.

Nor has the Council of Europe been any more effective in injecting itself into existing international organizations. According to the plan of van Naters, a Dutch member of the Strasbourg Assembly, the Europeanization of the Saar was to be placed under its control, a proposal acceptable to the Adenauer government. Under the recent Saar agreement, however, the Council suffered its customary fate of being by-passed. The administration of the Saar will be under the auspices of the enlarged Council of Ministers of the Brussels Pact, which has now been rechristened "Western European Union."

To complete this disappointing record: the European political constitution, fulfilment of the federalist dream, which was drafted by the so-called Ad Hoc Assembly of the Coal and Steel Community enlarged by some members of the Consultative Assembly of the Council of Europe has remained pigeonholed in the Council of Ministers of the Brussels Treaty since March, 1953. The political organization of United Europe can come only when the socio-economic evolution has reached its natural point of coalescence. A United Europe cannot be built from the top.

IN THE economic area, however, European integration has made real progress. Since the spring of 1953 the European Coal and Steel Community is a going concern. The High Authority has established its supra-national powers; the Court has been active. It will be remembered that when the Community was created under the inspiring leadership of Jean Monnet, its proponents envisaged, within a transitional period of five years, "the smooth passage from national separate protected markets in coal and steel to a competitive market of 160,000,000 consumers." Though as yet the single market is neither fully single nor fully competitive, the organization can chalk up substantial gains. Trade in both steel and coal among the six partners has in-



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creased considerably—up to 25 per cent. Steel prices have dropped as much as 12 per cent, perhaps less through freedom of competition than because of overproduction and decreased demand. The double pricing of French iron ore for export from Lorraine has been abolished, as have been the freight differentials inside Germany. Scrap-iron sales rose sharply after the protective tariffs were lifted, a boon to the raw-material-starved infant steel industry of Italy. Because the retraining of workers employed in technically backward establishments and the provision of better housing facilities for workers have fallen behind the successes on the management level, labor is less enthusiastic about the plan, but negotiations with the United States for substantial loans to the E. C. S. C., now nearing completion, may alleviate these shortcomings.

On the debit side are the continued cartel habits of management, especially in Germany but also in France, where the Charbonnage de France is a state-managed compulsory cartel. To eliminate these practices has been as yet beyond the capacity of the High Authority. It has gone wholly unnoticed in this country that the Germans, on the recent occasion of the revision of the original treaties, succeeded in wringing important concessions from the Allies, among them the discontinuation of Allied controls over decartelization after restoration of German sovereignty. Big business apparently is not eager to abandon the evasive practices of dividing markets and colluding in price-fixing. The continued existence of the German coal-sales organization in the Ruhr indicates that market restrictions enforced by private enterprise persist. The Dutch have been compelled to bring their complaints on this score to the Court of the Community. Dissatisfaction with the E. C. S. C. is particularly strong in Germany, where it is considered a continuation of Allied controls under the guise of Europeanization. Germans complain that unsold coal is accumulating at the pits while the price of coal for the housewife has gone up. This rise, however, was due to the now abandoned German practice of selling house coal cheaper than industrial coal.

An unexpected development is the surprising vigor the Assembly of the E. C. S. C. has shown in criticizing both the High Authority and the member governments for failure to live up to intentions of the Community. It is also significant that the discussions in the Assembly are free from narrow nationalism. For example, the Socialist members usually operate as a single bloc. On the whole, the Luxembourg organization has proved an excellent training ground for European cooperation. The resignation of Jean Monnet as president (as of February, 1955), allegedly to devote his efforts to European integration outside and beyond the E. C. S. C., may prove a serious loss.

European integration can develop, if at all, only through the realization that economic cooperation is in the real interest of management and workers alike. The most encouraging sign is in the almost universal conviction of industrialists and bankers, government ministers and trade-union leaders, that the welfare of the national economy coincides with that of Western Europe as a whole. In the economic sphere a genuine European outlook is irresistibly if slowly emerging. A pertinent illustration is the expected agreement for sharing Austria's surplus hydroelectric power with Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and France. The coordination of agricultural resources, which is the crucial problem, can be undertaken only when the living standards and nutrition habits of the participating nations become less unequal. The road to European integration is the gradual interpenetration of national economies. It is a slow road but the only one promising ultimate success. Fanfare for spectacular supra-national institutions for which Western Europe is not yet ripe will not help.

The failure of a military unification of Western Europe has cleared the air. Once the German divisions are a reality, it is safe to predict that we shall see the United States less inclined to apply high-pressure sales tactics to further European Union, which has practically meant little more to it than Germany's remilitarization. American public opinion had better realize that Western Europe must solve its own problems and that European interests are not necessarily identical with American strategy in the cold war.

"ANTI-CATHOLIC" PERON

A Struggle for Power . . . *by Claudio Veliz*

THE conflict between President Perón of Argentina and the Catholic church has brought to the surface one of the most important developments in South American politics since the end of the war—the struggle for the control of inter-American trade unions. At present four confederations of trade unions are active throughout the continent. The oldest and best-known is the C. T. A. L. (Confederación de Trabajadores de America Latina), led by Vincent Lombardo Toledano and affiliated to the World Federation of Trade Unions (W. F. T. U.). Its chief rival is the rabidly anti-Communist O. R. I. T. (Organización Regional Inter-Americana de Trabajadores), which is affiliated to the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions (I. C. F. T. U.). A third is the Perónist A. T. L. A. S. (Asociación de Trabajadores Latinoamericanos), set up in Mexico in 1952. The fourth and newest is the Latin American branch of the Catholic C. I. S. C. (Confédération Internationale de Syndicats Chrétiens).

CLAUDIO VELIZ is a Chilean economist and political writer.

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While the W. F. T. U. and the I. C. F. T. U. have wasted time and popularity arguing about cold-war problems which have little or no interest for the average South American worker, the Perónist A. T. L. A. S. and the Catholic C. I. S. C. have tried to take a "middle position"—that is, both anti-Communist and anti-United States. A. T. L. A. S. has aimed, unsuccessfully so far, at displacing the international unions from the industrial and mining districts, while the C. I. S. C. has tried to capture the support of the peasantry, hitherto left almost outside political life by the proletariat-conscious Socialist and Communist unions.

IN LITTLE more than two years of political activity the Catholic C. I. S. C. has already grown too large to be controlled by the ecclesiastical hierarchy and at the same time has been moving farther to the left than its initiators ever hoped for. It advocates drastic agrarian reform in many countries, and its policies have been directed against the landed interests and other groups traditionally associated with the established Catholic authorities. It is for this reason that in several Latin American nations under extreme right-wing dictatorships C. I. S. C. leaders have been persecuted and jailed together with Socialists and Communists. This has happened in Colombia, Venezuela, Nicaragua, and more recently in Guatemala, where the C. I. S. C., as one of the groups which supported the agrarian reform, was a victim of the violent repression which followed the fall of the Arbenz government. The extraordinary appeals that the Catholic church made for moderation in Guatemala were not meant to favor the imprisoned Socialists and Communists so much as the Catholic trade-unionists who suffered with them.

The C. I. S. C. has embarked on an ambitious educational plan. Its branch in Chile, for instance, working in close collaboration with the Jesuit order, is sending many students to European universities, including the London School of Economics, to be trained in labor economics, trade-union organization, and the like. These men will return to Latin America to work with the C. I. S. C. or to teach at one of the numerous Jesuit universities.

The most important political activity

Perón

of the C. I. S. C. has been its work for agrarian reform. Early in 1954 C. I. S. C. members and some Catholic priests led a delegation of peasants from the village of La Molina in Chile to demand higher wages and better living conditions from their employers. The demonstrators were handled roughly by the police, and one of the priests was beaten and jailed. The affair, small in terms of people involved and results attained, was nevertheless significant, and traditionalists throughout the continent became extremely alarmed at this unexpected trend within the church. The first reaction of the Chilean landowners was to accuse the C. I. S. C. of being under the control of the Communist Party, without stopping to consider that most of its leaders come from religious organizations, in particular from the Jesuit order. By the middle of 1954 the C. I. S. C. had succeeded in marshaling considerable support in the rural areas where the allegiance of the peasantry to the church had prevented the success of the Socialist and Communist trade unions.

WHILE Evita was alive, the Perónist regime was always closely identified with the interests of the church. Evita herself was instrumental in the enactment of the law of religious education of April, 1947, which gave wide powers to the church in the appointment of instructors. Earlier, the regime had passed another law establishing the compulsory teaching of Roman Catholicism in schools. Since the death of Evita all this has changed: the laws of religious education have been abolished, divorce has been legalized, and a law has been passed that guarantees the same legal status to legitimate and illegitimate children. The Perónist Party has even drawn up a project to legalize prostitution in Buenos Aires and compel prostitutes to register with the health authorities. All these drastic reforms have of course earned Perón the solemn condemnation of the church both in Argentina and in Rome. The ecclesiastical hierarchy in Argentina has issued pastoral letters against the regime; public demonstrations have been organized that have been dissolved by police forces.

Perón, on the other hand, has been remarkably moderate. When he replied to these attacks at a mass-meeting in Buenos Aires, he insisted that he was a good Catholic and that he had nothing against the church as such but only against a "small group of conspiratorial priests" who were working against the government. He named these subversive priests, and to everybody's surprise they turned out to be, not the more vociferous anti-Perónists in the Catholic church, but twenty-three priests and three bishops who are considered to form the extreme "left wing" of the Catholic trade-union movement in Argentina. Some of these priests were imprisoned, others were fined, and all were strongly cautioned to abstain from political activity.

The schism between Perón and the Argentine Catholic church is only partly due to the social reforms pushed forward by the government; the underlying cause is the rivalry between the Catholic C. I. S. C. and the Perónist trade unions. The Argentine C. I. S. C. has been vigorously organizing a Christian Democratic Party which would oppose Perón in the next presidential elections, only twenty months away; on the continental scene the C. I. S. C. has clashed with Perón's efforts to control South American trade unionism through the A. T. L. A. S. Outside Argentina the C. I. S. C. is gaining steadily in influence. In Chile, for instance, Dr. Eduardo Frei, the leader of the strongly Catholic Chilean Falange, a party with close ties to the C. I. S. C., is already being spoken of as the possible next president of the country.

The W. F. T. U. and the I. C. F. T. U. have been taken aback by the extraordinary "new look" of the Catholic trade-union offensive. Perón seems so far the only leader who has taken the bull by the horns. The result of his decision is still in the balance.

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BOOKS

A Declaration for 1955

BY KAY BOYLE

IT MUST be twenty years ago that I was in London one bleak winter night, going toward closing time through the icy fog into the warmth—comparative, that is—and the uproar of a public house. Its name was the Fitzroy Pub, my husband told me, and it was a place, he said, where those who struggled with the arts, and struggled with poverty as well, came in the evenings to talk and drink. Even now I can see those fierce-eyed old women, not artists or writers but scrubwomen by day, who huddled and cackled inside the door, those toothless witches, with wool scarves bound like winding-cloths around their heads, who sat on the chairs along the wall, or slipped from them, rattling with alcoholic laughter, and slept, like ancient mummies, on the floor. And I remember one other figure in the smoke of the place, a young man in a blue-green suit and an open-neck shirt, with a lightish shock of hair on his head, a stocky young man, with eyes that burned so eloquently that once you had looked at him you could not turn away.

At this moment I feel him standing here before me as he stood that night, his mouth wide open in something intended to be singing but was not, and I feel still the quality of tenderness that was behind the savage impact of his gaze. I have never forgotten the salute, or embrace, or whatever it was, that was in his eyes. He gave it to every human being he turned to, and he sang out so lustily in celebration that he was told by the men and women around that he was disturbing the so-called peace of the Fitzroy Pub. He would climb up on the bar and tell the press of people from there what the hills and the sky were like where he came from, and how far away he was from the place he wanted to be. But nobody there wanted to hear a word of it; in fact, some of them wanted to knock him down, and others wanted to smash his face in once they had succeeded in dragging him down from his height. Feeling was running so high against him that my husband and I started through the people to where he was being shouldered from pillar to post.

I thought he was an Irishman, and I wanted to save him from British violence because of that as much as I wanted to save him as an individual from mob brutality. But my husband had recognized the accent as he sang, and he said, "He's Welsh." I thought of him then as a coal miner's son, connected by blood and birth with D. H. Lawrence, a young miner, I thought, come to the city and attacked for his gusto and his simplicity. So we pushed the men and women aside, and my husband shouted the worst of them down, and I can still see the Welshman's face, so young, so ruddy, and his eyes on us in that blind and tender salute as we got him clear of their hands. He said he had come out without a coat; so we got his muffler around his neck, and we took him out past the witches asleep in the filth and rot of their ragged shrouds. We went other places from there, the three of us, and we talked about different countries, and about high mountains, and the sea, and sometime toward the end of the night he said, "What's your name?" I told him mine, and I asked him his. By that time it didn't seem strange that I'd known his poetry for a year, and could say lines of it to him, or that he'd read a story or two I'd written and remembered the endings of them, although where he'd read them he couldn't say. His name was Dylan Thomas, and I never saw him again after that, but I've always remembered how we fought for him, with something like dedication to someone who was more than a young man out of his country in that alien place where he was.

Perhaps because he was so often out of place among men, we take him now as symbol. Perhaps because we who write in America are in grave difficulties now, we cherish Dylan Thomas as if he were our own ego, our own wild soul freed of the flesh. An American critic, writing of the American literary scene, points out that thinking Americans, in this period of our nation's development, are deeply troubled because "the demands for national security and for individual freedom" are in conflict. But he speaks with confidence of a new trend in the work of young American novelists: a trend toward brotherly communion is the name it has. A number of the new novels, this critic says, express man's longing to be identified with other men. Carson McCullers's "The Member of the Wedding," James Jones's "From Here to Eternity," Capote's "The Grass Harp," and Salinger's "Catcher in the Rye" are offered as evidence that a handful of writers at least has found that "comradely identification" is perhaps as

KAY BOYLE is well known as a novelist and short-story writer.

Conviction

There is no reason for the things I know.
My instinct is not tethered to a rule,
And there are those who'd gladly call me fool
But that they, too, must feel these things are so.
Only through living did conviction grow,
Nor have I needed logic for a tool;
This is not knowledge to be gained in school,
But this much I'll be sure of till I go:

There is no mountain's weight that cannot move;
No whisper ever spoken will be lost,
No vision ever seen will fade from sight;
There is no truth that time cannot disprove;
No heat that cannot know the touch of frost;
No day without its shadow; no black night.

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dependable as anything else in this interval when moral values are in flux. In these specific books, it is pointed out, the protagonists seek identification with others in an attempt to find security. The lost Frankie Addams of Mrs. McCullers's book becomes one with Private Prewett of "From Here to Eternity," and the merger continues with Colin of "The Grass Harp," and Holden Caulfield of "The Catcher in the Rye." This composite figure of the critic's mind seeks "to belong," to be a part of our immediate world, as the writer, the artist, the individual of our time, seeks to make contact with what Santayana described in his last book as a world that "has turned its back on the attempt and even on the desire to live reasonably."

IS THIS theory of "self-definition or self-preservation through love," as the critic conceives it, good enough in itself to offer compensation to the writer in America? Or are the books that have been cited merely the last words to be spoken on the subject of the writer's defeat, gauged by standards that are not his own? I see them as essentially tragic books, heartbreaking in the stories of loneliness they tell but tragically illuminating, too, because the protagonists of them are Americans who strive not to be considered outcasts on their own soil. We know how persistently the American scene demands that one take part in it. It is good to join a group, a club, a society, and not to try to stand alone; and if one cannot find that club, that group, the heart splits wide or shrivels like a leaf in loneliness. Is this, in the last analysis, what the books cited have to say? If Mrs. McCullers, and Mr. Salinger, and the others have written with agonizing truth not only of the individual but as well of the writer's, the artist's situation in America, then that situation is even more desperate than was Dylan Thomas's on a winter night in the Fitzroy Pub about twenty years ago.

Thomas Mann, among other writers of our time, has said that it is the writers, the intellectuals, of a country who bear the full weight of moral responsibility. It was the German intellectuals, Thomas Mann has said, who allowed a dictator to come to power in Germany. Had they, through their works and by their vision, made richer promises than those he made, the man called Hitler would have been forced into exile instead of the writers of a country that he brought finally to defeat. Here in America we are politically aware. But although we rid ourselves of our demagogues by political action, we have not yet learned how to impeach an educational system the goal of which is to produce high-powered specialists instead of that perfectly balanced mind Henry Adams has written of, that mind which can produce an "absence of self-assertion or self-consciousness—the faculty of standing apart without seeming aware that [one] was alone." We allow our children to grow up in the belief that knowledge exists to serve a practical end. We accept the education media of television and radio, as presently exploited in America, as evils we cannot remedy and therefore must endure. We know that the majority of television and radio programs are a death sentence passed hourly on the creative impulse of our young, and yet we do not ask that this death sentence be reprieved, for it permits us freedom as it wipes the activity and the invention of our children out. We do not cry aloud our protest as we see our children stricken by this disease for which no dimes are collected in prevention, no iron lungs designed, no wheelchairs pushed down the corridors of hospitals, bearing the victims of poliomyelitis of the will. (It might be said loudly that the Library Association of Great Britain has found that "Britons are reading more library books than ever —270,600,000 in the year ending last March—" because television shows have "increased interest in such subjects as archaeology, ballet, social problems," etc., creating an unprecedented demand for books about them. But however loudly it may be said, we will not hear.)

It has long been established that the writer, the artist, must partake of the world he finds about him if his work is to come alive and stay alive. But in an epoch such as this, when the collective material manifestations have outdone those of the individual spirit, then the artist, the writer, the believer, is unsure. Escape, exile, becoming the member of a group, whatever its nature, is not the answer; nor is that inner exile, that complete detachment of the spirit from the impingement of reality, which the intellectuals of totalitarian states have learned to endure. Now, in our time, it is

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clear that it is not the artist, the writer, the individual, who must seek to be accepted by the world he sees, but the scene itself that must be transformed by the higher standards of the individual to acceptability. He must know from the beginning that he does not belong, for the artist's deeper concern has always been, not with what is taking place, but with the dimension of what might, within the imagination and the infinite capacity of man, take place. His concern must be with that belief which seeks, in Toynbee's phraseology, " a higher level of conduct" both in act and in art.

THE transforming of the contemporary scene is what I now ask of all American writers. I urge them to be the individual interpreters of this deep concern which can never find a place upon the air until a purer wave-length has been found for it. I would remind them that the voice of the artist, that voice which speaks with such superb authority in France, in England, in Italy, can, if they wish it, become the voice of authority here. "In France, more than in any other country," writes Marcel Arland, "it is the writers who today, as formerly, shape the language." This, in America, is heresy.

As a beginning, I ask that Maxwell Anderson write a play that refuses to compete with our corrupted popular media, a play that will not cause Bill March, that lonely, gentle, uncorrupted artist, to stir in anguish in his grave. I ask Truman Capote to condemn the scent of the rose if it serve the end of perfuming theater tickets. I ask Salinger to write maturely of maturity. I suggest that those who plan 98 per cent of the television and radio programs reconsider, for in this new era when the American writer recreates the scene, all that darkens the illumination of man's mind will have to turn quietly and go. I warn the sponsors of television programs that the salesman with glassy eye, and voice rising in hysteria, who, his back to the wall, offers foam-rubber pillows free, absolutely free, presages the end. I would ask the lonely protagonists of novels still unwritten to reject communion and refuse identification, recognizing that writers are men and women who have accepted a moral responsibility, and who must bear it, each isolated in his own conviction, quite alone.

And now, because it is late of a bleak winter night, I would send a message to Dylan Thomas, telling him again that when the histories are written it is only the poets, and those who read them, who remain.

Books in Brief

Yugoslav Tragedy

JOURNEY WITHOUT END. By Manès Sperber. Translated by Constantine Fitzgibbon. Doubleday. $3.75.

This third novel in Manès Sperber's trilogy of military-ideological conflicts in Eastern Europe requires considerable preparation. As a novel, "Journey Without End" does not stand on its own; those who meet Sperber's work for the first time will be troubled by a serious lack of motivation. Of more concern is the fact that Sperber's book is not so much fiction as a complicated treatise on the Yugoslav political situation under the Nazis.

The novel reads like a catalogue of horrors. The Nazis slaughter more or less indiscriminately; the Ustachi (Yugoslav fascists) kill for loot and power; Mihailovic's partisans fight Tito's partisans. There are also various independent partisan groups who are ground to pieces between the others. And through it all, the Croats and Serbs murder each other whenever the opportunity arises. The situation—which may well set a record for the number of mortal enemies in one novel—requires a political orientation course.

The proliferating butchery finally destroys its own effect. With so many deaths and so many hates, and not enough compensating literary art, readers will find themselves burdened with emotional scar tissue and unable to feel anything at all for the people involved.

It is not enough that an author feels intensely about his material, that he has seen and perhaps taken part in conflicts bitter enough to shatter the imagination. Before this becomes real for readers, the author must filter and recreate his material, involving his audience with all means at his disposal. With some few exceptions Manès Sperber fails in this respect, so that "Journey Without End" remains a journey into despair and death, and little more.

Primarily for Entertainment

FIRST-PRIZE STORIES, 1919-1954. From the O. Henry Memorial Awards. Introduction by Harry Hansen. Hanover House. $3.95.

The literary rear guard is represented at its best by this volume of prize-winning short stories, dating back to 1919. As Harry Hansen tells us in his introduction, each story was selected as "a conflict that was resolved, a narrative that carried the reader to a satisfying destination. Style, mood, reverie, sketchy suggestion were all secondary," with "the high usefulness of entertainment" remaining a primary consideration.

The progressive change in fiction over thirty-five years makes the collection a fascinating historical study. Margaret Prescott Montague's use of World War I pathos, for example, contrasts with Irwin Shaw's sharper view of World War II. In much the same way Edgar Valentine Smith's sentimentalizing is a foil for the work of Faulkner. And Thomas Mabry's 1954 prize winner, The Indian Feather, with its fine nuance and ambiguity, demonstrates how the effect of literary experimentation is seen ultimately in even frankly non-experimental anthologies.

Portrait of an Artist

THE LION AT MORNING. By Stephen Longstreet. Simon and Schuster. $4.95.

The developing artist is a theme as old, perhaps, as literature itself. It has been a fruitful theme and with good reason, for by using the artist as a fulcrum for his narrative a writer is able to examine human society and values from the freest and most incisive point of view. He can also bring his audience close to the nature of the artist himself—that jangle of nerves, rebellion, and search which is the raw material of the creative mind.

"The Lion at Morning" is a powerful novel of the creative artist's struggle in America, a struggle not only against the Babbitts but against the art-gallery jackals who feed on the European masters or the quick rot of new fads. As counterpoint to this basic theme it portrays another type of "artist"—the manipulator of life and financial power.

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The booklet first of all answers the question: What is a freighter? The modern freighter, says the booklet, ranks with the de-luxe passenger vessels so far as comfort and accommodations are concerned.

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It is important to realize that in most cases today, freighter passengers are considered first-class passengers, although the rates charged are generally on a par with either cabin or tourist-class fare. Most passenger-carrying freighters, to quote the booklet, have their private bath and shower, and these cabins offer beds, not bunks. The rooms are generally larger than equivalent accommodations aboard passenger ships, and the cabin of a modern freighter is sometimes even twice as large as first-class cabins on some of the older passenger ships. It goes without saying that your room is on the outside, and amidships, the most expensive of all locations, for which you are usually charged a premium over the advertised minimum fares on passenger ships.

This booklet points out that it is frequently astonishing how low freighter fares are as compared with passenger ship fares: for example, less than one-half of the passenger ship fare to California is the amount asked on freighters. On most of the longer runs, the difference in favor of the freighters is regularly from a third to half of the passenger ship fare.

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Foreign ships offer their own specialties, says the booklet. Thus vessels in the East Indian trade serve Rijkstafel (or King's Table), the East Indian dish which can run to as many as 50 different courses, Scandinavian ships serve Smorgasbord every day, and some of their desserts (like strawberries smothered in a huge bowl of whipped cream) are never forgotten. Another feature of freighter travel is in its informality. No formal clothes are needed. Sports clothes are enough.

Other valuable information such as how to tip, shipboard activities and costs are covered in the booklet, "Travel Routes Around the World." Some of the trips listed include a trip to England for $160, a 12-day Caribbean cruise for $240, or a leisurely three-month Mediterranean voyage.

The booklet is published by Harian Publications, Greenlawn, New York, and may be obtained by sending to the publisher. So, when it arrives all you need to do is sit down and take your choice. The booklet lists literally hundreds of ocean trips.

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Longstreet is not above including some hard-boiled posturing and occasional sentimentality, together with the usual Oedipus complications. In addition, he seems never to have learned the meaning of narrative economy, and his lack of concentration often produces thin spots where interest depends upon sex or external glossiness. But these flaws are compensated for to a considerable extent by accurate observation and a rich cast of individuals drawn from the worlds of Hollywood, big business, art, and sectional America. "The Lion at Morning" represents a serious attempt to deal with a serious subject.

For Understanding Our Past

BACK OF HISTORY. By William Howells. Doubleday. $5.

"I have tried," says the author, "to make a single story of the human background . . . to make something understandable out of our past." After a section on our immediate animal ancestors, Professor Howells describes the Stone Age and Bronze Age cultures, the organization of primitive society, the coming of religion, and the beginnings of civilization. The author perhaps covers too large an area too lightly, but his book will be an easy introduction to history for the casual reader.

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Books on Africa

SEVEN DAYS TO LOMALAND. By Esther Warner. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50. Superficially this is the story of a trek into the interior of Liberia to witness a name being redeemed and truth ascertained by plunging the suspect's hand in boiling palm oil. Actually it is one of the most sensitive reports on West African–European relations.

AFRICA, LAND OF MY FATHERS. By Era Bell Thompson. Doubleday. $3.75. A flying tour around Africa south of the Sahara by a Chicago editor. Despite the interviews with many African leaders and the opportunity to visit almost every territory, a disappointing report, long on name-dropping and short on any preparation to meet a situation for which American experience is not enough.

SUDAN DAYS AND WAYS. By H. C. Jackson. St. Martin's Press. $3.50. The memoirs of a colonial administrator in the Sudan from 1907 till 1931. Interesting historical material about the Mahdi rebellion, whose survivors he interviewed in Khartoum, and the "pacification" of Nilotic peoples in the south. Mr. Jackson took his responsibilities very seriously, and his sense of self-congratulation is strong.

AFRICA DRUMS. By Richard St. Barke Baker. British Book Center. $3. A much better set of memoirs by a conservationist with many years of forest work in Kenya and Nigeria behind him. Far from the bureaucratic centers, learning the languages, and understanding the need to involve the population of the forest, Mr. Baker was able to graft some new techniques on traditional institutions.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN COOPERATION. By G. Udegbunem Meniru. Libertarian Press. $3.50. A Nigerian engineer trained in United States schools and industry and deeply skeptical of Britain's aims in Africa finds no reason to doubt that American investments and influence would be beneficial to his homeland and would help to industrialize it. Foreword by Ward M. Canaday, president of Willys-Overland Motors.

JOHN V. MURRA

Theater

Harold Clurman

THE second half of "House of Flowers," the Truman Capote–Harold Arlen musical (Alvin Theater), is, I am told, being so drastically revised that it will constitute a virtually new act. Such revision, it is quite possible, will help make the show a richer entertainment, though I am not at all certain that it will remedy its basic fault.

"House of Flowers" has no style. It might have been a dramatic bit of exotic romance, combining a delicately sophisticated sentimentalism with an insidious glamour, or it might have been a loud hunk of Broadway bawdiness, combining the humor of "Sailor Beware" with the rhythms of one of Lew Leslie's "Blackbird" revues. As it stands, it is neither. The producer or the authors or the director did not know what they wanted to do with the material, exactly what sort of effect they were hoping to make. The show, therefore, contains a little of everything, which, I am very sorry to say, means not much of anything. The story's locale, by the way, is Haiti, and the house referred to in the title is, as the lady said, not a home.

Oliver Messel's sets and costumes are extraordinarily pretty, with a kind of Parisian decorativeness—slightly sweetened and elaborated by Anglo-American taste. But woe to the show which boasts sets and costumes as its prime attractions. Pearl Bailey is handsome with a sort of effrontery which is part reticence and part resentment. Hardly any of the song writers, it seems to me, have ever composed numbers which might reveal her quality to the best advantage. There is an excellent dance number—in a vaudeville voodoo mode. I found the dancer Carmen de Lavallade fetching. Harold Arlen's score if it were more cleanly orchestrated might sound much better. At present, although this may have changed since the opening, the music doesn't "come out."

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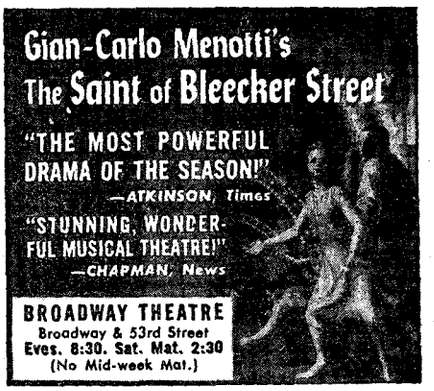
ONE might find a fatal flaw in the Phoenix Theater's production of Shaw's "The Doctor's Dilemma," but I shall not dwell on it, because the play still emerges as one of the few really gratifying things to be seen in New York at the moment.

To begin with the flaw: Shaw is very difficult for American actors to play properly, particularly young American actors. Actors of the present generation —I speak of good actors—emphasize *realness,* and Shaw's reality is stylized. English actors usually play Shaw better than ours do because the English are more concerned with language, with speech, with crispness and clearness of diction, with the rhetoric of wit, and with the rather old-time comic effects on which Shaw based so much of his dramaturgy.

Shaw crackles; our actors consider. Paradoxically, Shaw, the profound, is best done "superficially." What I mean may be likened to the common American impression of the Englishman's manner: when an Englishman says "I'm heartbroken," the words themselves in our view seem to encompass all the sentiment involved in the statement, whereas an American uttering the same words is expected to feel, or convey, much more than the words say. We are so preoccupied with "sincerity" that we tend to overlook the question of form—particularly verbal form—which plays a paramount role in Shaw's work.

Shaw called "The Doctor's Dilemma" a "tragedy"—and it is true that the charming but not necessarily "sympathetic" pivotal character dies toward the end—but the play is essentially comedy, shrewd and exhilarating. What a pleasure to listen to the admirable dialogue, some of which strikes the ear like arias of a refreshingly dry gaiety. The play is well-made in the tradition of the English theater of the 1900's, a technique which Shaw uses with devilish cleverness to include not only all the tricks of the trade—including fat parts for qualified actors—but everything he has been thinking about in connection with the medical profession, the morality of artists, newspaper reporters, respectability, and sundry other matters.

Apart from the limitations already noted, I found the company and the direction praiseworthy. To mention but one name, Geraldine Fitzgerald has so much purity, dignity, directness in her person and playing that we regret not seeing her more often. Despite my abhorrence of reviews which might be mistaken for publicity, I am impelled to add that with "The Doctor's Dilemma" the Phoenix Theater downtown is presenting at reasonable prices a play which has greater value and interest than half a dozen of the on-Broadway smashes.



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Records

B. H. Haggin

THE performances of Bach's Brandenburg Concertos on Bach Guild 540/1/2 in which Prohaska conducts a group from the Vienna State Opera Orchestra recall to mind the record of a Prades Festival rehearsal on which Casals at one point tells the orchestra: ". . . Every note is variety—this is what gives life—otherwise it's something dry . . ."—this in the course of achieving the enlivening inflection of melodic phrase and accompaniment figuration that is so exciting to hear. For not a trace of such inflection is heard in the Prohaska performances: every note is the same, and the result is lifeless and dull.

The latest performance of Mozart's Clarinet Concerto K.622, by Gervase de Peyer with the London Symphony under Collins on London LL-1135, offers the most beautiful clarinet tone and phrasing I can recall hearing in this work. On the reverse side is an excellent performance of the Bassoon Concerto K.191 by Henri Helaerts.

The fine-sounding performance of Dvorak's "Legends" Op. 59 by Scherman and his Little Orchestra Society on Columbia ML-4920 has given me my first hearing of these pieces, which turn out to be engagingly melodious in the idiom of the "Slavonic Dances."

Columbia's ML-4902 offers two works recorded under the auspices of the Walter W. Naumburg Foundation: Riegger's Symphony No. 3, performed by Hanson with the Eastman-Rochester Symphony, and Mennin's Symphony No. 3, performed by Mitropoulos with the New York Philharmonic. Both composers exhibit competence in putting sounds together—Riegger is an idiom that communicates nothing to me, Mennin is one that I find intelligible but uninteresting.

Virgil Thomson's score for Lew Christensen's "Filling Station," performed well by Barzin with the New York City Ballet Orchestra on Vox 9050, turns out to be as engaging by itself as it is with the ballet. On the other hand the four movements of Hershy Kay's "Western Symphony," on the reverse side, don't make it—in the words attributed to Balanchine on the record envelope—a "genuine formal symphony"; and because formal symphonic organization is precisely what the many repetitions of the American folk tunes lack, they become monotonous when listened to without the ballet.

For years it has been accepted belief that Bach's works for unaccompanied violin were intended to be played with a curved and loosely strung bow which could produce the chords that have to be arpeggiated when played with the modern bow; and I was astonished to learn recently from this column's scholar that the belief and the bow were pure invention on the part of Albert Schweitzer

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with no basis in historical fact. Schweitzer continues to proclaim the belief in the face of demonstrations to the contrary (most recently in a conversation reported by Joseph Wechsberg in the *New Yorker*); and Telmanyi is the second violinist within the past year to record the six Sonatas and Partitas with a modern reconstruction of the imagined Bach bow. It enables him, on London LLA-20, to play the music without the distentions imposed by the modern bow; and he plays it in addition with good musical taste. But Grumiaux, on Boston 202, plays the Chaconne of the Partita No. 2 with equal good taste with a modern bow which enables him to achieve in addition a tension and power that make his performance more effective for me.

I also prefer Grumiaux's straightforward playing to Francescatti's excessive distentions and changes of tempo in his performance of the Partita No. 2 on Columbia ML-4935. On the reverse side however Francescatti plays the Partita No. 3 in more straightforward and more satisfying fashion. No. 3, with its superb Prelude, and the great Chaconne of No. 2 are, I might add, all that I care for in the six works.

London LL-1069 offers three fine Mozart Sonatas for piano and violin—K.304, 378, and 481—played well by Maureen Jones and Brenton Langbein. The tone of Langbein's violin is reproduced less agreeably in the third work than in the others.

The works of Pergolesi, Vivaldi, Leo, and Martini played by I Musici for the Concert Society of New York in Town Hall were not of high musical interest; but they were occasions for string playing extraordinary in its precision and execution, its transparency and beauty of blended tone, its refinement of phrasing. The Vivaldi Concerto in D minor for viola d'amore, for example, was less interesting than the one on the Angel record; but Bruno Giuranna's beautiful playing attained the breath-taking in what sounded like passage-work in harmonics in the cadenza of the first movement. And breath-taking too in its precision and tonal radiance was the passage-work for two and three violins as executed by Felix Ayao, Roberto Michelucci, and Walter Gallozzi in the Vivaldi Concerto for the three instruments.

Letters

(Continued from inside front cover)

U. S. I. A. propaganda pamphlets, Voice of America broadcasts, etc. The students' "reactions" were obtained to this material through questionnaires and group discussions. The students were deliberately deceived into believing the study was in the interest of international communication. The U. S. I. A.'s connection with the study, the fact that it financed the program, was concealed from them. This was at the request of the U. S. I. A., according to Dr. Carter.

I think this problem should be brought before the United Nations and a decision rendered to prevent students visiting foreign countries, including Americans, from being victimized in this way.

Bend, Ore. RALPH E. CONWAY

Henri Matisse

Dear Sirs: S. Lane Faison, Jr.'s, article on Henri Matisse in your December 4 issue seems to me full of misapprehensions. I have a profound admiration for this artist's work—for the groups of luscious fruit and flowers, sunlit interiors, and the curving arabesques of the female nude. Nevertheless, I also see the limitations of Matisse's art in the fact that he remains unaffected by the social and political conflicts of his time.

I cannot agree with Mr. Faison's view that "in Matisse the artist's true function was exemplified." In my opinion, the true function of the artist is to convey the spirit of life, the strivings and aspirations of the people. . . . The aim of Matisse's art was to please. "When I dream of art," he wrote, "it is of that which is equilibrated, pure, and calm, free from disturbing subject matter, an art that can be for any intellectual, worker, business man, or writer a means of soothing the soul, something like a comfortable chair in which one rests from physical fatigue." In brief, an art without ideas . . . where time seems to have stood still, where there are no catastrophes, where there isn't the slightest reflection of two world wars. . . .

New York LARRY HESLIN

Mr. Faison Replies

Dear Sirs: Mr. Heslin's line of thought would eliminate Giorgione, Watteau, and most of Botticelli, along with Matisse. The Soviet critic Alexander Romm takes exactly the same position as regards Matisse. The trouble comes when you demand "ideas" in painting. What kind of ideas: social significance or the image of a new dimension of color which, in good time, much of the Western world understood well enough to adopt?

Incidentally, Raphael wasn't interested in wars either; nor was Corot.

S. LANE FAISON, JR.

Williamstown, Mass.

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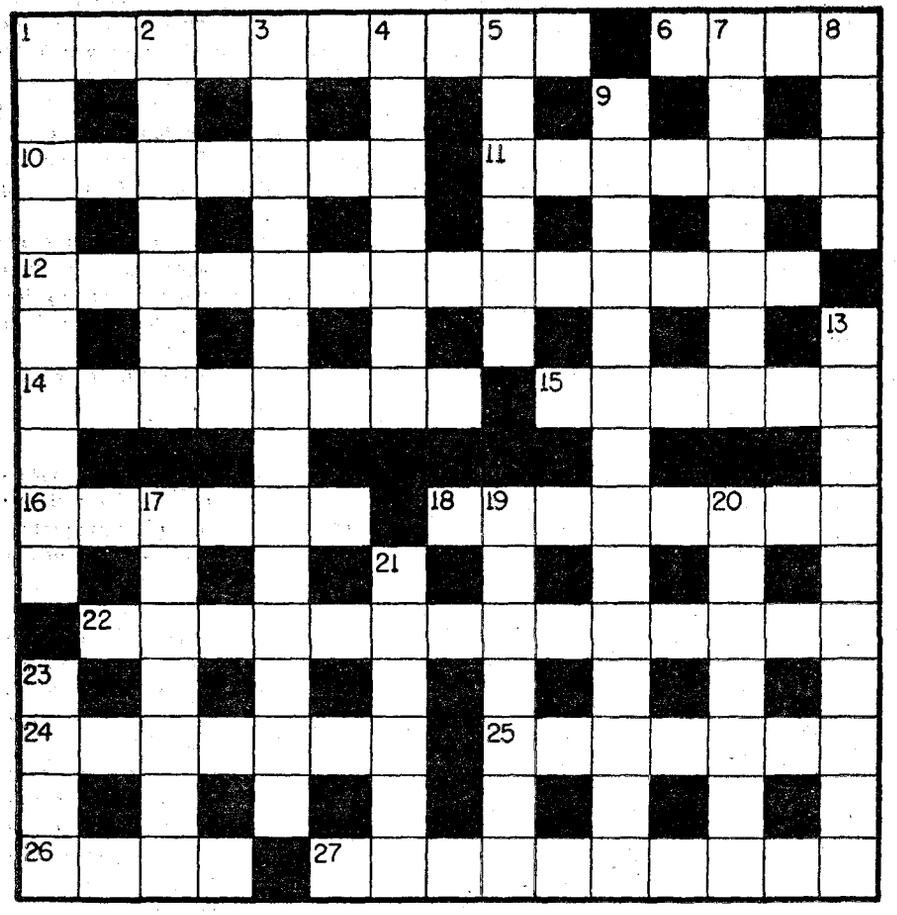
Crossword Puzzle No. 604

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 The lowest bottle snared? (10)
6 See 21 down.
10 It's not the Ghibellines who need a leg-push! (7)
11 Calm locations? No, not there! (7)
12 In record edge, in consumed and haphazard fashion. (14)
14 English river box. (8)
15 Chain raiser. (6)
16 Massacre, not as much disturbed as sweet. (6)
18 Was Crane's, of courage? (8)
22 How some salesmen work for others' pay? (6, 2, 6)
24 Clipper. (7)
25 Descriptive phrase, I understand, for some women. (7)
26 and 8 down. Those who aren't up to such measures? (Draws more customers!) (8)
27 Typified by Mr. Chips? (3, 7)

DOWN

1 Where one of two thirsty governors was in informal attire? (10)
2 Can't read letters, but finds it there underfoot. (7)
3 Do they charge for the lack of coverage? (8, 6)
4 This ramble is coming back. (7)
5 Seems a bad way to get food! (6)
7 Rouser. (7)
8 See 26 across.
9 Plumbers' executives? (8, 6)
13 How people come to grips? (10)
17 The rodent seems to have been decapitated. (7)
19 A container border is perpendicular. (7)
20 Queue after the Pied Piper? (7)
21 and 6 across. Young matron? (6, 4)
23 Too slow, but not to pull! (4)

~●~

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